

DAILY COMMENT ON PEOPLE AND THINGS

A very popular ballad for Saturday morning was: "When I Got Up This Morning She Was Gone." "She" meaning the back yard gate or the front porch rocker.

But cheer up, Hallows'en only comes once a year, and "boys will be boys."

Warden Allen of the Illinois state prison at Joliet says that most of the reforms suggested for Auburn, N. Y., prison have already been put into effect at Joliet.

That's a good point to brag over, as far as it goes. Men who are sent to prison are human beings and are entitled to be treated as such.

But the question of which state—Illinois or New York—is advancing reforms that will keep men out of the prisons would furnish a better topic for argument.

Mrs. Emmeline Pankhurst and Samuel Gompers are going to lead

the grand march at the Women's Trades Union League's Halows'en party tonight at Hotel LaSalle.

Leave it to the women to frame up something that's full of spirit. Two leaders of two big movements leading a grand march at a trades union dance listens well.

There has been no noticeable decrease in the number of incendiary fires in Britain since the landing here of Mrs. Pankhurst.

A fellow in Washington, D. C., was given six months' imprisonment for kissing another man's wife.

That must have been some whack. And, anyway, the man's name was Broadax.

A West Virginia man who sold his wife for \$4.50 was arrested.

And we suppose some people are mean enough to imagine that the man who had the husband arrested was the one who bought the wife.

THE VALUE OF A POD OF FAT

Have you a pod, Mr. Man? Do you sometimes fret lest you should permanently lose sight of your knee? If so, cheer up; it may sometime be the means of doing you as good a turn as a generous paunch recently did to Charley Walters, down in Summit, N. J.

Charley was a pressman working in New York. One day he caught his right forearm in the machinery. The flesh was stripped almost to the bone, though luckily the bone itself wasn't broken. The doctor said the arm would have to be cut off. Charley said he'd be blessed if it would. Might as well lose his life and be done, he thought, as to lose that once strong right arm. So what did he do but change doctors.

The second medico was one of these new fangled chaps not long fledged from the clinics—the kind that are making the graybeards sit up and take notice.

"Yes," he said, "it ought to be amputated. But there's a sporting chance to save it, if you are game; though if you lose you may have to pay with your life."

Charley was game, all right. And this is what the doctor did:

Right into the thick of Charley's fat pod he cut a trench, laid the maimed forearm in it, sewed over the flaps of skin, put the patient to bed and let nature alone.

A fortnight passed. Then the doctor released the arm and lo and behold enough good tissue had formed to mend the maimed parts and give Charley a wing which in a little while promises to become as good as new.

So you see even a pod may have its uses. Fortunately Charley's was big enough to stand the strain.